

A
POETS VISION,
AND A PRINCES
GLORIE.

DEDICATED TO THE HIGH
and mightie Prince, James, King of
England, Scotland, France and
Samuell Dillington Ireland. as beareth forth in
Written by THOMAS GREENE Gentleman.



¶ Imprinted at London for William Leake.
1603.

POETS VISION
AND A PRINCES

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THE HIGH
and mightie King of
England, Sea, Land, and
Switzerland.

By Thomas Greene Comptroller.



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A POETS VISION.
AND A PRINCES
GLORIE.

WHEN *Hesperus*, the Harbinger of night,
Had iustly ordred eu'rie burning light,
My solitary chamber I forsooke,
And musing went vnto a pleasant brooke;
Where, siting downe vpon a hillocke by,
To steale delight with a more quiet eye,
Soft drizling droppes vpon my face did fall,
Which sweeter were then that wee *Nectar* call.
That tree that but one little droppe receiues,
Though bare before, was spangled all with leaues,
The ground where scarce before a grasse was seen,
Reuiu'd with this, was mantled o're with greene.
Long look't I not before my wondring eyes
Were vnto *Morpheus* made a willing prize.

A Poets vision, and

Such shapes of ioy into each sence did creepe,
As rock'd them all into a heauenly sleepe.
For had mine eyes a little longer seene,
With extreame rapture I had sencelesse beene,
Sith nothing sooner can the sence destroy,
Then taken by the eye too much of ioy.
Scarce had the pale God with his sleepe dart
Strooke through mine eyes my soft slumbering hart,
When musique sweeter I may say right well,
Then that which brought *Eurydice* from hell,
Did all the powers in me possesse so whole,
That through mine eares it stole away my soule;
To which a Ladie singing heare I might,
The burthen of her song *I pray thee write*.
VVhere-with I wak'd, and seeing nought, concluded
My senses all were meerely but deluded:
Or else the gods to banquet now addrest,
Apollo gaue them musick to their feast,

No



A Princes glorie.

No creature sawe I yet, till looking round,
Behinde me iust vpon the verdant ground
I spide a Ladie sit, but such an one,
As well might make *Ioue* to forsake his throne,
And vtterly renounce his sisters bed,
And all his wanton trickes with *Ganymed*.
Her garments all were white, her haire hung downe,
Vpon her head she wore a Laurel Crowne,
An Iu'rie Lute she with one hand did twine,
And with the other Musick plaid diuine.
Her Lute, to glut mine eares with different choyce,
She did accord with her melodious voice.
After her song she often had repeated,
V Vith this demaund I fairely her intreated;
Goddesse (saide I) for by thy heauenly face,
I ghesse thou sprung'st not from a mortall race,
Those lookes of thine serue as a warrant good,
That thou no mixture hadst of humane blood,

A Poets vision, and

Neuer could Nature, of her selfe, bring forth
A creature of such rare and Princely worth.
Of fauour shewe to me, why at this time,
Especially vnder this haplesse clime,
Where neuer ioy yet peeped from the earth,
But it was stifled fore it came to birth,
Delight so prodigall it selfe doth wast,
Spending in minutes that should ages last,
As of necessitie it must be shone,
Yet by extreames, shoves it would faine be gone?
Is Earth ascended into Heauens place?
Or is't your beautie doth enforce this grace?
Is Heaven descended to the lowest Earth?
Or is't your Musicke that doth cause this Mirth?
Or is't a Dreame, and doe I nothing see,
That sweetely thus colludes my phantasie?
Or if none of these, what it then should bee,
I pray thee, gentle Ladie, tell to mee?

Pausing



A Princes glorie.

Pausing a while, and looking in my face,

Thus she bespake me with a modest grace;

Vainly to boast of my descent or blood,

Would argue I did feare my proper good.

For who his blood only and kin commends,

Commends nought of his owne, but of his friends.

Yet, were I so dispos'd my birth to prooue,

I could deriue my selfe from highest Ioue:

And I could say, and yet but truely say,

My mother was the wise *Mnemosyne*;

Or I could call my name *Calliope*,

And tell how once I with *Apollo* lay,

From whose mixt pleasures, being then but young,

The *Thracian Orpheus* naturally sprung.

But farewell this: my purpose is to shoue

From whence my comming hither now doth flowe.

Vertue confined in a narrow roome,

Farre in the North, where she doth only bloome,

B

Where



A Poets vision, and

(Where had she not contenting fauour scene,
From all the world she had exiled beene,
And long ere this had lost her glorious name,
Had she not there reuiu'd her dying fame.
O worthie place ! thy Epethite hence-forth
Be sung by Poets thus; *The vertuous North.*)
Now breaking forth into a larger State,
Which of all Lands is made most fortunate,
Giues me the matter of this new delight,
And doth my soule vnto this ioy excite,
That houres vnnumbred hath beene lockt from light,
And puzzled laine in darke obliuious night.
Grosse Nature that hath many yeares laine sicke
(First wounded with leud vices stinging pricke)
On the corrupted bed of vaine desire,
Without all shewe of hope, euer t'aspire,
To blest fruition of her selfe, is now
(The thought whereof would smoothe the agedst
Cleanse brow)



A Princes glorie.

Cleane purged of her filth, from error led,
As till this houre she were not perfect bred,
But ages infinite had laine in earth,
And by no meanes before could haue her birth.
Euen as a Hauke new taken from the Mew
Hath cast her old traine, and resum'd a new:
So Nature now doth with fresh wings aspire,
Whose old ones all were tainted o're with mire.
Time, that before was baited with deceit,
In the foule riuer of a forced sweate,
To make simplicitie the sooner bite,
That had no eyes, but bended on delite,
(Who would not liue in blinde credulitie,
Rather then see what he would feare to see?)
Is now full gorg'd with honorable zeale,
Which lately prooffe did to the world reueale.
Now yet at last returned are those daies,
That ancient Poets long agoe did praise,

A Poets vision, and

Which haue so many years beene kept from breath,
Bard vp within the Iron caue of death,
Which eating time, consenting with the Fates,
Hath now enlarg'd, by bursting ope the gates.
For ioy whereof, could but this dumbe earth speake,
She would into an exultation breake:
Yet, for she wants a tongue, to shew her pleasure
She is inuested with her richest treasure.
Erect thy face, and thou shalt see on high
The starres do daunce proud Galliardes in the skie,
Or else they all are forced thus to moue,
Vnder the weight of *Ioue* dauncing aboue.
Now *Mercurie*, heauens Orator alone,
Perswades his Father leaue his sacred throne,
And sweetly tels him with such mouing grace,
He must descend vnto a better place:
Which *Ioue* beleeuing, in Heauen makes a dearth,
And Tuns of *Nectar* tumbles on the earth,

As



A Princes glorie.

As if he would vnfurnish heauen quite,
And frame another on this earth to night,
Now flattring Pride, and Ostentation vaine,
Hath (Peacocke-like) pull'd in her painted traine.
Couetousnesse is chang'd, yet keeps her name,
Where she crau'd wealth, she onely craues but fame.
Gluttonie feedes slightly vpon her owne,
That was before with others cost full blowne.
Drunkennesse, that aboute the rest excell'd,
Is now vnto Sobrietie compell'd.
Sloath, that till now lodg'd in her sleepe caue,
By valour shewes she seekes an honour'd graue.
Incontinence, her fires are somewhat drencht,
But neuer will be altogether quencht.
Black vile betraying Policie is dead,
And meager Enuie hangeth downe her head.
And wheresoere a vice hath raigned long,
In that same place there is a vertue sprong.

B3

Now



A Poets vision, and

Now shall those young and vertuous plants arise,
Which were destroyed by loathsome poisonous eyes.
Here Poets might extoll their excellence,
If Barbarisme haue not exil'd them hence,
If other Landes inioy not their blest sight,
Whome barking ignorance hath put to flight,
Their long sheath'd Pens they might so exercise,
As they should sit about the reach of eyes,
And looking downe vpon their natiue earth,
Should grieve to thinke they had so lowe a birth.
Yet I haue one thing left surmounts the rest,
VWhich tunes such Musick in my glad some brest,
That sorrowe cannot my least thought annoy,
Each roome in me is so fill'd vp with ioy;
Nor can I tell it with my breaths faint story,
I am so swell'd vp with immortall glorie.

Can sence (said I) more of delight yet taste,
Then that which hath thy lips already past?

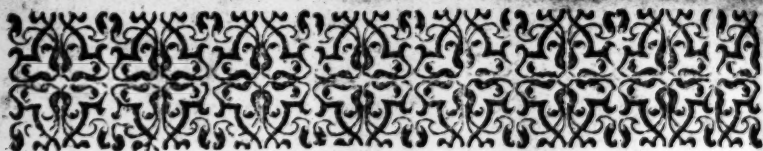
Thou



A Princes glorie.

Thou tellest wonders, and I feare this night,
My greedie cares will surfet on delight.
Yet if vnspoken ioy doe liue in thee,
Of it (in kindnesse) let me sharer be,
Where-with to me she did her white hand reach,
And sweetely thus continued on her speech.

In *Bæotia*, my sisters eight and I,
Which once (said she) were eleuated high,
And well esteem'd in former ages past,
Vntill these dead corrupted times came last,
And eu'ry yeare to vs had tribute paide,
By choycest wits, for lending them our aide,
Haue long in stead of tribute beene disgrac't,
And all our names from memory displac't.
For want whereof, we all were growne so poore,
That we could scarce keepe miserie from our doore.
The chiefeest pay we had to set vs forth
In all our wants, came from the Princely North,



A Poets vision, and

And some from hence, from worthie *Delia's* store,
From sweete *Idea*, and from some fewe more:
All which so short of that we had before,
To those rich times so slender and so poore,
That with it we our selues could scarce sustaine,
Our number was so great, so small our gaine.
Others here are which with their railing Muse
Offend graue cares, and doe our names abuse
In bringing forth such Monsters to the light,
Whose ougly shapes doe terrifie our sight.
But why should such my peacefull gall excite?
Well they may barke, but they shall neuer bite.
The whips are made shal yerke them from their places,
Whose roomes shall be adorn'd with better Graces.
But now, ô euer blest, eternall sweete!
The Lawrell and a triple Crowne doth meete.
Now commeth in our long-detained Spring,
Reduced back by a victorious King,

Whose



A Princes glorie.

Whose triple Crowne, to adde more glorious praise,
Is triply Crowned with a triple Bayes,
Which is the richest Crowne a King can haue,
It keepes him from obliuion of the graue;
Where, after some expence of running time,
Vpon whose backe doth dissolution clime,
His other Crowne, that guilded but the eye,
VWill quickly fade, when sadeth Maiestie.
But this so long as Heauen lends a breath,
Shall freshly spring in spite of Fate and death.
To be a Prince it is an honour'd thing,
Yet eu'ry Poet to himselte's a King.
But where in one they both commixed be,
He then is equall with a Deitie.

This caus'd vs all to leaue our *Helicon*,
Our double-topped hill, our *Citharon*,
That were nighe ruinated with disgrace,
And hether come to a more worthy place,

C

Where



A Poets vision, and

V Where on the top of an Imperious Throne,
We will build vp another *Helicon*.
The Hilles we lett were all compos'd of mould,
But we will here erect a hill of gold,
V Which, where it stands, shall to such height arise,
As it shal keepe the Starres from mortal eyes:
And by these names it shall be call'd about,
The Muses Tent, the golden walke of Ioue.

From all my sisters haue I stolne away,
Which maruell much of my so long a stay,
To bring these glorious tidings vnto thee,
The which haue infinitely rauish'd mee,
That if thou coudest to haue thy name nere die,
But wrap thy memorie in eternitie,
Past deprivation of corrupting dust,
When thou into thy latest bed art thrust,
This place can yeeld thee such *Promethean* fires,
As shall gine answer to thy blest desires.

Ther-



A Princes glorie.

Therefore no longer hide thy Muse from light,
But pray thee, pray thee, take thy pen and write.
Nor thinke I would thus much to thee impart,
But that I knowe thou dost affect this Art.

Alas (said I) should I denie my loue.

Of ignorance you might me then reprocue:

Carpelesse I nothing in me hath place

On my loue, with which I can it grace.

If I were, I should not trace this way,

Grieuing see how eu'ry day

Times of vertue-killing Drones appeare,

Whilfully so vntune the gen'ral care

With harsh discording sounds, as who now sings,

Although his lines were sweeter then the strings

That play the morning vp) gets no respect,

And is not heard, or heard but with neglect;

But sooner farre may moue the stones to heare,

Then carelesse men, who onely bodies beare

C₂

With



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The Hilles we left were all compos'd of mould,
But we will here erect a hill of gold,
VWhich, where it stands, shall to such height arise,
As it shal keepe the Starres from mortal eyes:
And by these names it shall be call'd above,
The Muses Tent, the golden walke of Ioue.

From all my sisters haue I stolne away,
Which maruell much of my so long a stay,
To bring these glorious tidings vnto thee,
The which haue infinitely rauish'd mee,
That if thou couetest to haue thy name nere die,
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But that I knowe thou dost affect this Art.

Alas (said I) should I denie my loue.
Of ignorance you might me then reprocue:
Yet (happlesse I) nothing in me hath place
More then my loue, with which I can it grace.
Or if there were, I should not trace this way,
For that I grieuing see how eu'ry day
New swarmes of vertue-killing Drones appeare,
Which vilely so vntune the gen' rall care
With harsh discording sounds, as who now sings,
(Although his lines were sweeter then the strings
That play the morning vp) gets no respect,
And is not heard, or heard but with neglect;
But sooner farre may moue the stones to heare,
Then carelesse men, who onely bodies beare



A Poets vision, and

Without true soules: for had they soules, they would
VVith all their nerues the life of soule vphold,
In giuing nutriment to Artes, from whence
Man wholly doth deriue his excellence.
These be the *Hydra's* of this age, the apes,
The monsters, rowl'd vp in mens pleasing shapes,
Haue so infected with their tainted blood
The nourishing fruits, which should feede the good,
That vnderferuingly they now must stand
Vnder the censure of too rough a hand,
And for whole yeares of nights in labour spent,
To giue the enuious idle world content,
Must not for all those nights receiue more right
Then he whose sleepe Muse nere saw the night.
Which makes them chuse to be with ease infected,
Rather then write, and haue their workes neglected.
Where, might not eu'rie Cuckowe haue accesse,
And bring vnsau'rie writings to the Presse,

To



A Princes glorie.

To dull the eares of men, alreadie slaine
With poyſ'nous swellings of their rotten braine,
VVhat throngs of learned ſoules would then aspire,
Tought with this ſacred and ceſteſtiall fire?
How manie would by this their heauenly ſkill,
(Hauing abilitie as great as will)
Infinutely vpraiſe themſelues from earth,
Making their beings farre higher then their birth?
But now they hidden lye from light exempt,
Rak'd vp within the aſhes of contempt.
This maketh me that am with ſkill vnbleſt,
To loue this Arte, but dare not ranke the beſt
With childiſh iſſue of my fainter Muſe,
As poore ambitious ignorantes doe uſe.
Beſides, what ſlender glorie can enſue
His Muſe, whereof the world tooke neuer viewe?
Fie fie (ſaid ſhe) thou art too Criticall,
And doſt conſent vnto thine owne dread fall.

A Poets vision, and

Admit thy worth were vnder the degree
Of toleration, which I knowe not to bee,
Suppose that millions doe deserue more praise,
Wilt thou for this forsake *Apollos* baies?
O doe not so !thy Muse may once be blest,
And gently fost' red in a Kingly brest.
VVhat though the world sawe neuer line of thine?
Nere can thy Muse haue a birth more diuine.
And where these ougly imitating Apes
Which(as thou saist) doe but vsurpe mens shapes,
Haue so defil'd this Land, the time's now come,
Those bawling fooles shall quite be striken dombe,
Or should they talke, what can it hurt the wise?
It is well knowne they but Idolatrise.
For when true iudgement shall their errors find,
Twill adde more honour to the vertuous mind.
Sweete *Philomela* that sings in the spring,
VVould lose some grace, did not the Cuckowe sing.
There-





A Princes glorie.

Therefore no longer hide thy Muse from light,
But pray thee, pray thee, take thy pen and write.

With these enforcements was I wonne at length,
Conuinc'd wholly by her powrefull strength,
And newe inspired with a sacred light,
Agree'd to write what I had seene to night,
And if this prosper but successfullie,
I will herein my further fortunes trie.

FINIS.

